

# The panges of Loue and louers fites.

Was not good Kyng Salomon  
Rauished in sondry wyle  
With every liuelie paragon  
That glistered before his eyes  
If this be true as crewe it was  
Lady lady.  
Why shold not I serue you alas  
My deare lady.

When Paris was enamoured  
With Helena dame bewties peare  
Whom Venus first him promised  
To benter on and not to feare  
What sturdy stormes endured he  
Lady lady  
To winne her loue er it would be  
My deare lady.

Knowe ye not howe Troplus  
Langauished and lost his ioye  
With fittes and feuers mernastous  
For Cresseda that dwelt in Troye  
Tyll ppytie planted in her brest  
ladie ladie.  
To slepe with him & graunt him rest  
My deare ladie.

I read somtyme howe benterous  
Leander was his loue to please  
Who swomme the waters perillous  
Of Abidon those surginge sease  
To come to her wher as he lay  
ladie ladie.  
Tyll he was drowned by the wavye  
my deare ladie.

What say ye then to Priamus  
That promised his loue to mete  
And founde by fortune marueilous  
A bloudie cloth before his seete  
For Lysbies sake hym selfe he slewe  
ladie ladie  
To pronie that he was a louer trewe  
my deare ladie.

When Hercules for Cronise  
murdered a monster tell  
He put hym selfe in ioperdie  
Perillous as the stories tell  
Reskewinge her upon the shore  
ladie ladie.  
Whiche els by lot had died therfore  
my deare ladie.

An araretis bewifull  
When Iphis did beholde and see  
With sighes and sobbinges pitifull  
That paragon loue woed he  
And when he could not wynne her so  
Ladye ladye  
He went and honge hym selfe for woe  
My deare ladye.

Besides these matters marueilous  
Good Lady yet I can tell the more  
The Gods haue ben full amorous  
As Jupiter by leaunced lye  
Who changed his shape as faine hath  
ladye ladye. spied  
To come to Alcumenes bed.  
My deare ladye.

And if bewtie breed such blisfulnesse  
Euamouring both God and man  
Good Lady let no wilfullnesse  
Exuperate your bewtie then  
To slaye the herkes that yeld & craue  
ladie ladie  
The graunt of your good wil to haue  
My deare ladie.

Finis.      W. C.

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